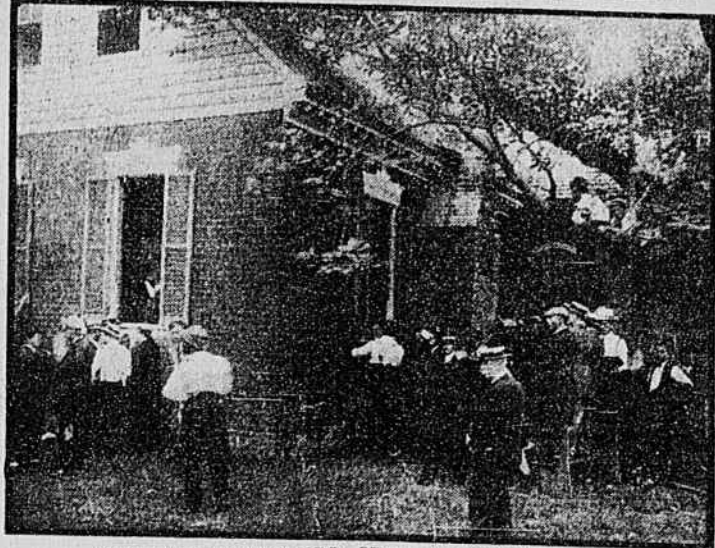


"I Wish I Hadn't Done It," Henry Said.---Paul Beattie



CROWD WATCHING MRS. OWEN ON STAND.

(Photos by W. W. Foster.)

MARTIN ANSWERS JONES'S CHARGES

Senator Uses Plain Language in Academy Speech.

COVERS GROUND IN GREAT DETAIL

Employs Vigorous Terms in Reference to Veracity of His Opponent—Large Audience Listens With Patience—Reviews His Senatorial Record.

Taking up in detail the charges made against him during the campaign by his opponent, and recounting his own record as a public servant, Senator Thomas S. Martin, in an address at the Academy of Music last night, laid his case before the people of Richmond and of Virginia. His audience nearly filled the Academy, save for a portion of the upper balcony. The crowd was held fairly well, although the Senator's voice, unused to such a strain, weakened toward the close, making it impossible for those in the rear of the hall to hear him.

Senator Martin was obviously angry. Yet he was as collected, as careful in his language, and as deliberate in stating his points, as in any of the few political addresses which have been events in his career. He used his written speech but few times, and in the main left his notes on his stage table, preferring to pursue his arguments in the manner which occurred to him. Certainly there was not a moment when he allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment.

Thereafter the denunciations which he visited upon his opponent bore the stamp of premeditation and deliberation. As a matter of fact, most of them appear in his carefully prepared written speech. He started out with the express intention to combat the accusations which, he said, had been "unjustly, maliciously and offensively" made against him, and of so disproving them as to destroy the credibility of Mr. Jones in Virginia. This he accomplished to the satisfaction of his friends in the audience, if the applause which he received is a criterion. To gain his point, he announced, he proposed to call a spade a spade. He did it.

The charge made against him that he was a lobbyist before the Virginia Legislature in the interest of the railroad, Senator Martin characterized as "infamously, basely, inexcessively, maliciously false." He challenged the production of a single witness to the charge. If any railroad company, he said, could show that it ever employed him to appear in the interest of a legislative body he would resign his seat in the Senate. No member of the General Assembly, he continued, could say that he had ever solicited his vote, for if he did say so he would be a liar. He have met this old charge time and time again," said the Senator. "I have put the brand L-I-A-R on the forehead of every man who utters it."

Repeating his former explicit statement, Senator Martin declared: "I have never represented any railroad or any other corporation, or any individual, before any legislative body, for compensation or without compensation."

The J. S. B. Thompson letters received a good deal of Senator Martin's attention. He first said that he had never known a man of honor who would use for his own purposes property he knew to have been stolen. But, he added, this was not his defense, but was only referred to for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Jones as a witness. The letter to himself he could not recall, but did not dispute it. It was simply in reference to a campaign contribution.

"I solicited campaign money from railroads and from the companies and from rich men and from poor men," he said, "for the maintenance of Democratic rule and white supremacy and for no other purpose. I have no apologies to make. Mr. Jones spent his part of it. The Axtell letter merely refers to this. I have nothing to do with the Bogart letter, but it evidently refers to the candidacy of Mr. Cardwell for Speaker. As to the Logan letter, it is evident that 'us' means the railroads. Probably I had a talk with Mr. Ellington, and he and I had agreed that we hoped the rail-

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

CHARLESTON CUT OFF FROM WORLD

Seven Known Dead and \$1,000,000 Damage Result of Storm.

HARBOR FILLED WITH WRECKAGE

Wind Reaches Height of 94 Miles an Hour, and Tide Rises Nearly to Record Mark—Union Station Under Water—Sullivan's Island People Safe.

Charleston, S. C., August 28.—(Via Summerville).—Seven persons known to be dead, many injured, and property damage of more than \$1,000,000, seems to be the sum total of the damage wrought by the terrific storm which struck Charleston Sunday afternoon, isolating this city from the rest of the world. The dead:

W. H. Smith, Columbia, drowned under falling wharf.
Motorman Carter, drowned.
Ida Robinson, crushed by roof.
Rosa Robinson, crushed by roof.
Alonso J. Coburn, engineer, killed by flying timbers.

Eva Myers, drowned.
Toas D. Wiley, drowned.

In addition to the above, the members of the Cassidy family, number unknown, caretakers at the Wahoo Phosphate Works, are missing, and are believed to have been drowned. Great relief was felt when it was learned late to-day that the people on Sullivan's Island were all safe, having been taken off by the ferryboat Lawrence, which tied up overnight at the Mount Pleasant wharf.

The harbor is filled with wreckage of small boats, schooners and launches, many of which were washed away along the water front, and in the city the streets are strewn with fallen trees, roofs, fences and other debris. Among the principal buildings damaged are the custom house, post-office, St. Michael's Church, and the Wahoo Fertilizer Mills, which were practically ruined. The street car, electric, telephone and fire alarm systems are entirely out of commission. All trains to-night are leaving the city from the old depot, the new station being entirely under water.

The Southern Railway officials expect to resume regular schedules tomorrow, but no mail trains were operated in or out of the city to-day. At the height of the storm, the wind reached a velocity of ninety-four miles an hour, while the tide rose eight feet or more at the Battery, in front of the city.

The storm reached the proportions of a gale about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the barometer falling steadily all day. The wind velocity increased from forty-eight miles an hour at 1 P. M. to ninety-four miles at 10:20 P. M. when the wind gauge was put out of adjustment.

At noon to-day the wind was only brisk, and the sun was trying to shine. The rainfall was more than two inches. The disturbance was reported to be west of Charleston, and working away.

The tide was something over eight feet during the storm, three feet short of the record of 1893. Considerable damage was done by the water in the low sections of the city, necessitating the removal of many persons from their homes.

Alonso Coburn, an engineer on the Charleston division of the Southern Railway, was instantly killed by flying timbers. A Mr. Smith, of Columbia, and Motorman Cutter, of the local street railway system, were killed, and L. D. Kintworthy, of St. Stephens, and E. B. Hill were seriously injured, when a trestle collapsed, two unidentified women were drowned when their home was flooded, and several negroes are reported among the storm victims.

Water Front Suffers.

Great damage is feared for the rice and Sea Island cotton industries by the rise of the tide. Now since the cyclone of 1885, has the water front here suffered so severely.

Anxiety felt for the safety of the people marooned on Sullivan's Island was relieved early in the afternoon by the arrival of a steamer from the island with a load of excursionists and residents.

Harrowing experiences were told by

(Continued on Last Page.)



PAUL BEATTIE.

(Copyright, W. W. Foster.)



H. C. BEATTIE, JR.

MRS. H. C. BEATTIE, JR.

(Copyright, W. W. Foster.)

FULL STENOGRAPHIC REPORT OF PAUL BEATTIE'S EXAMINATION

Following is a complete stenographic report of Paul Beattie's direct examination at Chesterfield Courthouse yesterday:

PAUL D. BEATTIE was duly sworn and testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION.

BY MR. WENDEBURG—

Q. What is your name?

A. Paul Douglas Beattie.

Q. Mr. Beattie, how old are you?

A. Twenty-one years old.

Q. Are you a married man?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Are you a man of family?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What does your family consist of?

A. One child and wife.

Q. Where do you live?

A. I live at 201 Randolph Street.

Q. What part of the city of Richmond is that?

A. The West End, that is, about the 1300 block west, only I had to go south of Main Street to get to 201 Randolph.

Q. How many blocks south of Main Street?

A. Two blocks south of Main Street.

Q. The 1300 block west?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. That carries you up near the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What relation are you to the prisoner at the bar, Mr. Beattie?

A. First cousin, I think.

Q. What was the amount of that bond?

A. Five thousand dollars.

Q. Did you give it?

A. No, sir.

Q. Have you been detained anywhere?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where?

A. Henrico Jail.

Q. Since the coroner's inquest, have you not?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where were you working before you were detained by the Commonwealth as a witness in this case?

A. Well, after my father and mother died, I used to work in the glass factory, the first place.

Q. How long ago was that?

A. EMPLOYED BY UNCLE.

A. That has been a little over four years ago; that was the first place.

Then I went to work at the washboard factory in Manchester; and the next place I went to work was I went to work on a ship/I was a sailor on a trading vessel, not the Navy Department, where they haul cargo and different stuff like that to different ports. I stayed there about four months, and came back to Richmond and went to work with my uncle, Mr. John F. Black, a carpenter, and I stayed with him a long time until the season got dull, and then I went to work for the street cars, and after I left the street cars I went to work on the Southern Railway.

Q. At the shops in Manchester?

A. Yes, sir; I was front brakeman.

After that I was laid off until the season picked up again, and I went to work after that for Mr. L. J. Smith.

Q. What was that?

A. Watchman.

Q. Where?

A. Mayo's Bridge. I stayed with

A. No, sir.

Q. Was bond required of you to appear here at this court?

A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Smith until he didn't need me on the other side as watchman any longer, when he put me to help the master mechanic, Mr. Jenkins—Jenkins is his name, one is Jenkins and one Jennings.

LOOK AT THAT GUN.

Q. Look at that gun, and tell the jury when was the first time you saw that gun?

A. The first time that I saw this gun was at the pawnshop where I bought it, and the second time was at the coroner's.

Q. The coroner's inquest.

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you remember what day it was that you first saw the gun at the pawnshop?

A. It was on a Saturday.

Q. What Saturday was that?

A. It was in July.

Q. In reference to the crime, how long before the crime? Was it the Saturday before the crime?

A. Yes, sir.

MR. CARTER OBJECTS.

MR. CARTER—Don't ask him leading questions, Mr. Wendenburg. This witness, of all others, we had rather you would not ask leading questions.

BY MR. WENDEBURG—

Q. Where was that pawnshop?

A. On Sixth Street, right back of C. D. Kenny's.

Q. In the city of Richmond?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Between what two streets?

A. Broad Street runs there, it is back of Kenny's.

Q. Between what two streets?

A. Between Broad and Marshall.

Q. How many pawnshops are on that block?

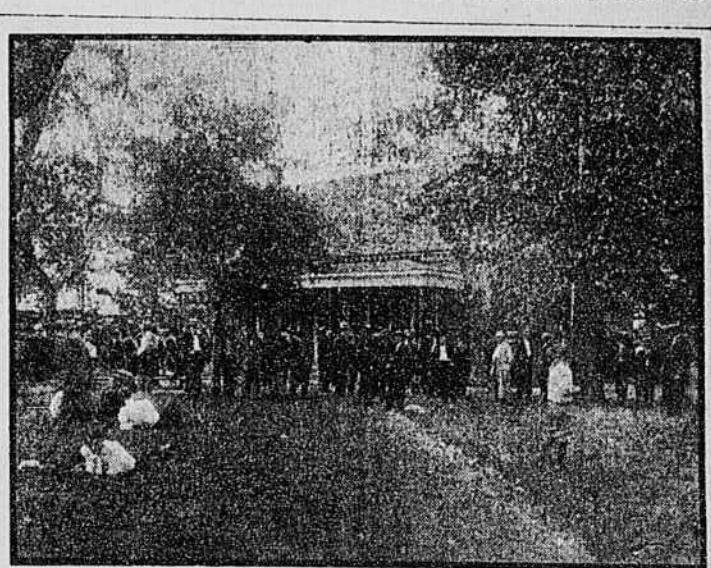
A. Two, I think.

Q. What is the name of this one?

A. The one I bought the gun from?

Q. Yes.

(Continued on Ninth Page.)



SCENE DURING RECESS.

CROWD STUNNED BY SENSATIONAL CLIMAX OF TRIAL

Cousin of Prisoner Suddenly Blurts Out Story of Alleged Confession of Monstrous Murder in Chesterfield.

"TELL BEULAH I'LL KILL HER IF SHE TELLS," BEATTIE SAID

Witness Now Under Heavy Fire From Defense and Will Face Ordeal of His Life To-Day—Commonwealth Now Nearly Ready to Rest Its Case—Mother of Dead Girl on Stand.

BY JOSEPH F. GEISINGER.

Like a thunderclap the State's sensation came, and while a dazed crowd sat gasping three Beatties smiled incredulously and a fourth, from the witness chair, told in straight, damning words the story of the prisoner's confession.

"I told Henry things were looking very black and I was sorry for him," declared Paul evenly, referring to a conversation with his cousin two days after the murder. "He said: 'I wish to God I hadn't done it. I wouldn't have done this thing for a million dollars. But all she married me for was my money. I wonder how those damned detectives found out it was No. 6 shot.' I told him he had got me into a lot of trouble. He said he hadn't, and said he wanted me to stick by him. I told him I was going to tell if they asked me, and he said I had better not do it. But I told him I was, and then I went home. Late that night he called me up on the telephone and asked me if I had been summoned to the coroner's inquest. I told him no, and he chuckled."

Would KILL Beulah if She Told.

Words fall to describe adequately the scene within the stuffed little courtroom. Stunned, breathless the crowd, hanging tense upon every syllable that fell from the lips of the slim young boy upon the stand, gave one astounded and wondering gasp and then sank back buried under amazement. Even wild rumor had halted at this point, and though startling turns were coming fast until sensations had almost ceased to thrill, all shrank into the uttermost depths of insignificance now. For sheer, blank, unutterable surprise and shock, the denouement stands unchallenged in the annals of crime.

Beattie, the prisoner, standing now close to the death chair, merely smiled. Beattie, the brother, smiled. Beattie, the father, smiled. And Beattie, the cousin, went on and on, never faltering. He had already rehearsed the story of the purchase of the murderous gun and the delivery of it by him to Henry. An instant before he had swept his hearers nearly off their feet.

"On Wednesday, the day after the murder, I saw Henry at his home in Manchester. He said: 'Paul, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go to Mrs. Fisher's (Beulah Blinford's) house and tell her if she tells anybody anything about this thing I'll kill her if it takes me a hundred years.'"

Thought Henry Would Marry Her.

"Did you deliver the message?"

"Yes. I went to her house, but there were several people around. We took a little walk so as to get off by ourselves. I gave her Henry's message. She said: 'Well, I reckon Henry Clay will marry me after—'"

"Stop!" thundered counsel from the defense's end of the bar. The objection was sustained. A man's life was trembling in the balance and this last declaration had suddenly overleaped the legal bounds of evidence. The court, stern and unsmiling, acted at once. Leaning toward the jury, the trial judge spoke with precision and profound earnestness.

"Gentlemen," he declared, and needed no promptings from counsel, "the statement as to what the woman said is stricken from the record in this case. It must vanish from your minds. You must forget it as if it had never been said. I caution you and charge you as to this, gentlemen. Let the witness proceed."

Attack on Paul Beattie Begun.

The bewildered crowd was groping for a fresh hold on understanding when the State's last word was said. The assault began. With strident voice Smith, of the prisoner's counsel, hurled himself upon the witness. The great lawyer jumped from his seat and, as if unconscious of his attitude, stood for several moments, while he fired his biting questions at the boy. Presently he dropped down into his chair, and, without a change of tone, kept the fierce battery up. Now and again he would lean far forward as if to pierce the witness with his blazing eyes.

"Were you not present at the coroner's inquest?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you say anything then of Henry Beattie's confession?"

"I did not."

"Why?"

"I wasn't asked about it."

"You were on your oath, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Then you didn't tell the whole truth, as you were sworn to do."

"I told about buying the gun for him."

"When did you first speak of this confession?"

"About four days after the murder."

"Where were you then?"

"In the Henrico Jail."

"To whom did you tell it?"

"To Mr. Wendenburg."

"To whom else did you tell it?"

"Nobody."

"Why did you tell it then, and why hadn't you told it before?"

"I hated to do it against my own flesh and blood. It was very damaging"

(Continued on Tenth Page.)